

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

Dead! dead! Oh! how fearful, appalling the word. What dark desolation it brings! How it sinks In the heart till it throbs and it aches! How it walks in the winds, rolls up on the waves—

Drifts by us in silence and beats in the rain, Till, heart-sick and brain-sick, we long for this Death,

As a medicine to heal all our woes.

Even the sunshine grows pale, And writes on the leaves and the grass as it passes, "Dead, dead." And the moonbeams are cold—oh! so cold, And so chillingly white—white as Death is itself!

The beautiful stars—they are pale, too, Like virgins struck dumb with a grief Far too heavy for words.

Dark-robed Night Stands still, like Nobe, yet bathed in her tears, Which fall from her cheeks upon newly-made graves, Where they glitter in characters mournfully sweet, Yet full of unutterable woe.

Death! Turn to the East, to the West, To the North, to the South!—a million and more Of white shafts and pale tombstones uplift To the heavens dear names, and loving remembrances, Coupled with "dead," and the dates and the ages,

So woe to see, when the loved ones are gone!

Oh! my God! Where can we turn that Death has not been? Where eyes have not closed, nor lips have given mute,

Nor brave hearts been stilled with one blow! Where no tears have fallen, no sobs have gone forth

With a wail and a prayer?—where mothers Have wept not, and wives have not called In vain upon tender ones, gone to their rest? Where sisters' ears were wrung their white fingers, And maidens with snow-pallid lips and sad eyes Have folded no tokens of love to their hearts, With cries of despair—brave letters, and words Breathing tenderness sweet to the soul, and pictures,

And soft locks of hair, while hidden away Within their pure hearts are pledges

To be fulfilled soon, when lovers return!

Return! Alas! Dear Columbia! thy bosom has pillow'd How many of these, who never may waken! How many lie low upon Shiloh—at Corinth! How many at Nashville and Memphis—At Cairo, Mound City, and Belmont? Wander on from the numbers unnamed In the West, and Eastward your eyes Will fall upon names whose dark fields Where red blood has flow'd like the waters Of fierce mountain streams.

Oh! ye brave martyrs, gone home to your rest—God blesses thee, taking thee unto Himself—Sweet Freedom, the purchase of Life. And he whose voice bade ye go forth To die for this Freedom, has followed Ye down to the grave—a grave as low, deep, As any on battle-fields, far, far away! The terrible sacrifice now is complete, And the Ruler sleeps low with his brethren Who wrought out his will, as the serf And the slave, for Liberty's sake.

PROVING AN ALIBI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ESSEX.

PART I.

It was a warm August evening; the beach near Southport was thronged with gay promenaders, who were strolling about enjoying the music of the band from the fort, that was playing on the esplanade near the shore. It was a pretty scene, the town in the distance half hidden away among the trees that were its great beauty; the trim fort, with its slopes of green grass and its irregular gray walls; the well-dressed crowd on the sands, and, beyond all, the sea rolling in all flushing with crimson and gold, under the level rays of the setting sun, that lit up the clear sky above into a dome of amber and rosy light.

Of course, in such an assembly as this there were a great many pretty women, but there was not one among them who was likely so to attract and rive the attention as the young widow, Mrs. Templeton, or Mrs. Flora Leroy Templeton, as she styled herself, not choosing that her friends should wholly forget the former gay belle, Flora Leroy, in the present quiet Mrs. Templeton. She was only twenty-four, though she had been a widow more than two years.

Her face always strikingly handsome, and had a look of character in its pensive beauty, that rendered it far more fascinating than in all its first bloom of girlish freshness. For in this country, although we see scores of pretty girls with rosy cheeks and laughing lips, we rarely see that more mature and striking attractiveness that, consisting in regularity of feature and charm of expression, will survive the loss of the first rudiments of early youth, and charm with the lasting loveliness of intellect and character; when, therefore, such a face as Mrs. Templeton's appears amid more ordinary beauties, it charms with an irresistible favor that is likely to produce an impression not easily shaken off.

The truth of this last assertion might have found attestation from a score of Mrs. Templeton's admirers, had they been willing to proclaim how powerful was the attraction of her gray eyes and soft voice, or how much more difficult it was to forget the magic of their fascination than the more harmless assaults of a dozen ordinary girls. This afternoon her companion, Charlie Wentworth, could not help some such thoughts as he strolled by her side, and turned away now and then to admire the outline of her faultless profile, and the clear hue of the delicate rose tint in her cheek.

"She's very handsome," he thought—"a thousand times handsomer than any of the baby-faced girls that I dance with. If she only was not a widow, and had not that fair-haired little girl, I believe I should propose to her at once! Bah! I'm a fool!" he concluded, as he had in a score of similar reflections. "The idea of me, at twenty-five, becoming a family man, with that little chit to call me 'papa.' No! it's too absurd; besides, I don't believe she cares a straw about me." And he sighed as he reached this climax, as if that idea was not a peculiarly agreeable or consoling one after all.

And then the band that had been giving the *Analys* to *Lucie* so loudly, that it was impossible to converse, finished with a grand flourish, and Flora looked up to speak to her companion.

He was a handsome fellow, this Charlie Wentworth, with curling clustered hair, side whiskers and moustaches of teaming gold, clear blue eyes, and a frank smile that displayed the regular white teeth, which were one of his principal beauties. He was tall and stately of proportion, and those who had ever saw the quick wrath that sometimes could flash from his azure eyes, had thought him an antagonist not lightly to be roused.

But Flora, when she looked up, caught his gaze so earnestly fixed upon her, that for a moment the words she had been about to utter died on her lips, and she flushed under that earnest scrutiny. Yes, Charlie was studying, as he had many times before that day, that faultless figure that was rounded to the full proportions of maturity, the wave in the brown hair that rolled back under the drooping straw hat; the contour of the lovely face, and the exquisite taste of the light mourning costume, that suited so well with the half pensive cast of Flora's beauty. It was a dangerous study, but it was one of which Charlie had lately grown very fond.

In a moment Flora rallied and looked up again. "How do you like your quarters at the Beach House, Mr. Wentworth?"

"Oh, I'm tolerably comfortable—that is, as much so as a single gentleman is ever allowed to be in a watering place hotel. I have a little room, with five pegs in it on which to hang my entire summer wardrobe, and two drawers in which to put all the rest of it that won't hang up."

Flora laughed, a low, silvery laugh, that showed that she had by no means lost all the power of enjoyment.

"Terrible suffering, truly," she said, "but it can't make much difference to you, as you have no crinoline to take care of."

"No crinoline, to be sure, but, Mrs. Templeton, do you think it is no matter if Derby's best cut coats are hung over one the other, till they are all in wrinkles, and that my white trousers never will come out fresh?"

"That is bad," replied Flora—"as bad for you, I suppose, as rumpled dresses and crushed muslins are for me. But how do you like the place otherwise?"

"Oh, it's tolerable—or rather would be but for that fellow, Anthony."

"What Anthony?"

"Simon Anthony—you know who I mean, of course."

"Yes," replied Flora—"I know him quite well. But why do you dislike him?"

"Oh, because he is so disagreeable. He is stupid, and purse-pride, and overbearing, and Mrs. Templeton, you know, by Jove! I detest that man."

"Why, did you ever meet him before?" asked Flora, surprised at the warmth of Charlie's declaration.

"Meet him before! Certainly—we lived in the same house all last winter, and I took an intense dislike to him; he was such a cub. We had one or two encounters there, so that now our acquaintance has dropped into a mere formal recognition. I thought I had gotten rid of him when I left the St. Basil last spring, but here, to my horror, I encounter him again."

"It's a hard case," said Flora, "but surely you are too amiable a man to allow such a thing to irritate you."

"I may be amiable," replied Charlie, rather gruffly, "but I have got a very quick temper for all that when I'm roused, as any of my friends will tell you, Mrs. Templeton, and somehow with regard to this man he has irritated me so often that I seldom see him without feeling as if I should like excessively to give him such a caning as would take the starch out of him for one while."

"And does he know of your dislike?"

"I suppose so, I have never made any secret of it; indeed I have so often uttered fearful threats against him that I believe the fellow is really afraid of me!" and Charlie laughed gaily at thought of the terror he had inspired.

"Then I dare say he was not very glad to see you when you appeared here."

"No, indeed, he turned a sort of sickly green when I entered the dining-room yesterday. But I beg pardon, Mrs. Templeton, here I've been abusing him shamefully, and yet you say you know him, and for ought I know you are a particular friend of his."

"No, indeed," laughed Flora. "He comes a good deal to my uncle's it is true, but I don't like him much better than you do."

"I am glad of that."

And just then they reached a platform near the music, where there were benches, and paused there for a few moments talking to several acquaintances. After a little, Charlie found Flora a seat, and placed himself beside her; they were still surrounded by a party of friends, but it was to Charlie alone that Flora spoke, as she presently said,

"Farey du dieble—there is Mr. Anthony, now."

"Yes," replied Charlie, glancing in the direction she indicated, with a quick frown, "and he is coming towards you."

"Very likely," said Flora, carelessly. "I had an engagement to drive with him this afternoon."

"And you broke it to come out with me!" exclaimed Charlie, all radiant with smiles.

Not at all, Mr. Wentworth, I should not have done so unladylike a thing even had he been a great deal more disagreeable than he is. But my engagement with him was for six o'clock, it was nearly half-past when you asked me to walk out, and I considered myself at liberty."

"What a puppy! to break such an appointment."

"Rather rude, I think. I wait for no man after the quarter of an hour's grace, and so came out with you without troubling myself about the matter."

Charlie began a speech to the effect that he hoped she had not regretted the change of escort, but was interrupted in the middle of it, for just then the very handsome equipage of Simon Anthony, Esq., of _____ William St., drew up beside them. He was a man certainly of no very prepossessing appearance, with sandy hair and white eyebrows, an ugly, ill-featured face not improved by the perpetual scowl on the low forehead, and the hard lines about the thin-lipped mouth. His turn-out was a stylish one, from the well-matched horses to the liveried groom who sat behind, though this last person was as ill favored as his master, with an evil, lowering countenance that made one pity the beasts committed to his charge.

Mr. Anthony lifted his hat to Flora, as he reined up, without noticing her companion.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Templeton, for being behind hand this evening, but that stupid Thomas forgot all about the hour at which I had ordered the wagon, and never began to get ready till six o'clock. I hope I am not too late, now."

"Thank you, Mr. Anthony, but you are too late," replied Flora, coldly.

Anthony still lingered in spite of this freezing reply—he would perhaps have left at once if it not been that he caught sight just then of Charlie Wentworth's triumphant face.

"Upon my word, Mrs. Templeton," he persisted, "you ought not to be too hard on me—I assure you it was not my fault. Come, excuse me this once, and let me help you in—it is lovely on the beach now."

"You seem not to perceive, sir, that Mrs. Templeton has another escort," exclaimed Charlie, starting to his feet in uncontrollable excitement, and looming up six feet of a very evident obstacle.

"Don't trouble yourself Mr. Wentworth," said Flora, turning upon him a half belligerent look at his somewhat hasty interference. "Mr. Anthony, my engagement with you was for six o'clock, you failed to keep it, and while I am quite willing to accept your apology, I must again decline to drive with you now that I have made other arrangements for the evening."

"That is bad," replied Flora—"as bad for you, I suppose, as rumpled dresses and crushed muslins are for me. But how do you like the place otherwise?"

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him thought of the deep significance those idle words might one day have.

As for Anthony he drove moodily away venting his ill-temper as was his wont on his groaner—

"It was all your fault, Thomas, hang you!" he growled, "you are such a stupid ass sometimes!"

Thomas made no reply only a darker frown gathered on his ugly brow. Three years of this sort of thing had accustomed him to such treatment, and taught him how best to receive it.

As he and his master disappeared in the crowd, Charlie turned to Flora to apologize for his hasty anger.

"Forgive me, won't you, Mrs. Templeton, for my impetuosity just now, but really I have disliked that man so long, that everything he says irritates me, and it was provoking to have him keep at urging you to go off with him, without so much as noticing me."

"It was very rude," said Flora, "and I quite forgive your ready championship."

"Always, Mrs. Templeton, remember I am always at your service, and only too happy to serve you knight."

Flora smiled her thanks, whilst Charlie blushed at his own enthusiasm. She liked this quick devotion in this handsome young man, and she sighed as she thought that some day he would court some fair young girl, and she would lose a friend that had been very pleasant to her for the last year. As for herself she believed that love and all its possibilities were over for ever, and she sighed again more deeply than before as she reached that conclusion. Then Charlie, who heard that last sigh, exerted himself to the utmost to be agreeable, and succeeded so well that Flora lingered there till the last light of sunset had faded away, and the young moon had begun to sink in the west, like a timid bride, following with white feet to seek her royal bridegroom below the dark waters of the gloomy ocean.

At length, however, she started up; it was nine o'clock, and she must go home, although there was still a gay party of friends on the platform, and she was entreated to stay. But Flora, who was very strict in her ideas of propriety always, was perpetually haunted by the face of Mrs. Grundy, and a dread that she should be called a "fast widow." Moreover, at this time she was staying with an uncle and aunt, Judge and Mrs. Dalton, only stately gentlefolk of the old school, and she thought it best on all accounts to leave the tranquil beauty of the summer evening for the close atmosphere of their solemn drawing room, and so resolutely refused to listen to Charlie's persuasions for "one more turn on the beach," and bade him good bye at her door before half-past nine.

As far as she herself was concerned, Flora would have thought she might trust herself anywhere and with any man for any possible danger there might be to her peace. She had married at twenty a young man who was the choice of her heart, and his death, after little more than a year of wedded happiness, had seemed to her a blow from which she could never recover. But as the months passed, and formed themselves into years, the memory of her loss grew less intolerable; then the prattle of her little girl roused her into new interest in life, and now, after nearly three years of widowhood, she found herself looking back on the memory of her brief married life as only a tender episode of the past, and able to realize that the world was a very tolerable place even to a widow, when she is young, rich and handsome. Of course, she had not been without suitors, even from her first appearance in society, but not yet had she admitted to herself that a second love might be possible. She had met Charlie Wentworth a year ago, and he had almost from their first acquaintance made her the object of his attentions, but thus far neither of them had acknowledged that it could be anything more than friendship that drew them so constantly together. It was the attraction of her presence that had brought him to Eudipolis now, and when about a week after his arrival he heard that Flora was going with a party of friends on a trip to Canada, he immediately decided that his business would oblige him to return at once to the city.

It was the evening before Flora's intended journey; during the last week she had seen Charlie every day, and his enjoyment of her society would have been complete, but that despite his dislike for Mr. Anthony, Flora would continue to receive his visits, and had actually made Charlie wretched for a whole evening by taking a drive in his handsome establishment. Charlie on that evening smoked quite a fortune in cigars, as he paced up and down the beach, wondering desperately if Flora would "marry that rich snob, confound him." Nor could he stop till he had resolved to sing himself at her feet at once and end this suspense. This had been the last night but one before Flora was to go, and Charlie was resolved to have her to himself on this last evening. He saw her in the morning, and she said she would be ready at seven o'clock to take a walk with him, as he proposed. Warned, therefore, by the example of Anthony, you may be sure Charlie was very punctual. He found Flora alone on the piazza.

"Aunt and uncle are out," said as she rose to meet him. "They were invited to dine at the Conrads; they would have declined, on my

account, but I insisted they should go, as I told them I had an engagement for the evening."

"Thank you, I should have been so disappointed had you gone too."

"Oh I was not invited. Gen. Conrad is an old friend of mine's, and gives stiff

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

The forty-second Annual Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture is now open in the Academy building, Chestnut street above Tenth. In walking through the rooms, we observe that the number of paintings on exhibition appears to be even greater than usual, including Benjamin West's famous masterpiece of "Christ Rescued," which of itself will be considered by many as worth the trouble of a visit.

We have not time in this brief notice to call attention in detail to the meritorious productions of living artists which adorn the walls. All who can should go and see for themselves. A season ticket should be purchased, and several visits made, as it is impossible to get all the good of such an extensive exhibition on a single occasion; though of course even a single visit is better than none at all. The rooms are open from 9 A. M. until 7 P. M., and from 8 till 10 in the evening.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JANET STRONG. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. Published by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia.

This story, from the pen of Miss Virginia F. Townsend, speaks to the heart with all the power of the accomplished writer. It has all her beauty of description, all her purity of action, all the flavor of feeling which strikes down deep into the heart of her reader. In the poetry of language, Miss Townsend has few rivals in America. Her illustrations flow naturally as the bubbles of woodland rills, with all their music and beauty. In Janet Strong, her most thrilling powers are set forth with a most happy result. We follow the lonely girl through her sorely-tried, struggling life with a breathless interest, blessing her for the innate strength and loveliness which enables her to cope successfully with evil, even when her own heart is her most dangerous enemy.

Miss Townsend's stories have always a high, pure, moral tone which makes them beautiful. Her characters are simple and natural—never overdrawn; but her delineation of them, invests each individual with an interest which cannot flag, until she folds up the volume of the pictured life with her own hand. In little Janet Strong, servant and governess, we find the germ and full development of a most beautiful character—a character so beautiful that the name of woman has added to it a greater sanctity—a holier, higher meaning. No one will rise from the perusal of this story without a sensation of pleasure for having read it—a deepened sense of honor and affection for the fair author whose own pure soul is shadowed forth in its pages.

SILENT STRUGGLES. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

A new book from the pen of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the author of *Mary Dervent*, will be cordially welcomed by the public. The plot is deep and well sustained, and the many dramatic situations in which she places the principle characters, excite the sympathies and interest of the reader to an almost painful intensity. Barbara Stafford, the heroine, is one of those lofty types of womanhood we sometimes, but rarely meet in real life. The nobility of soul and strength of purpose developed in the course of her turbulent and perilous life, give us stronger faith in the disposition for self-sacrifice which we claim to be prominent in woman. The date of the story reaches far back to the years when New England was controlled by her superstitions—and human life was swept away like straws upon a swift current. She comes from afar—drifts over the billows of the great deep to the New Land—a sad, mysterious woman, seeking for her lost hopes, but only to find them wrecked irreparably. Strong in her unselfish love—earnest in her self-abnegation, she accepts her destiny in meekness and silence, vowing to give no sign, while those into whose midst she came, owing her wonderful power, moved by her beauty and loveliness to more than ordinary sympathy—learn soon to attribute her magnetic influence to more evil qualities, which finally ends in her being arrested, tried, and condemned to die as a witch.

The close of the story brings relief to strained heart and brain. The reward for such sufferings seems but meet. But while we rejoice in it, there is a sense of disappointment in the failure to give us a more satisfactory close to the life of Lady Phippe, in whom we become deeply interested. She is set aside without a word or sign as to her fate when supplanted by the true wife of the Governor. Apart from this, the book gives entire satisfaction in every situation, though the sorrowful deaths of Abbie and her chieftain brother, leave a lingering sense of sadness not easy to dispel.

Mrs. Stephens loses none of her freshness and vigor in the production of her works. Each as it succeeds others, is imbued with the power of her earliest productions, with more of the artistic and aesthetic in their composition. *Silent Struggles* cannot fail to find a warm welcome amongst the thousands of Mrs. Stephens's admirers.

THE CLEVER WOMAN OF THE FAMILY. By the author of "Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," "The Young Step-Mother," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blagdon, Philadelphia.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The June number has been received from T. B. Pugh, Sixth and Chestnut.

THE YOUNG FOLKS, for June, has been received by T. B. Pugh.

THE JOURNAL OF WAKEFIELD. By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Published by Frank H. Dodd, N. Y. For sale by J. B. Lippincott, Phila.

"PINT-CUP." A pint-cup may not be ill-treated for holding a quart. This is indeed a new measure of moral obligation! The man underrates your argument, project, or improvement, because he cannot contain it. He does not report you correctly because he cannot carry all your ideas. He is a pint-cup. Your friend betrays your secret. It is your own fault. You put too much in a small vessel, and it slops over. Your neighbor has narrow views, feelings and policies, and they do not enlarge. Be gentle towards him, for small measures cannot afford to be very liberal, and "pint-cups" come to their growth early. They are required to hold a pint!

"Poor Dick! how sadly he is altered since his marriage!" remarked one friend to another. "Why, yes, of course," replied the second, "directly a man's neck is in the nuptial 'noose,' every one must see that he's a haltered person."

"A promising young man may do very well, perhaps—a pining one better."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY COSMO.

Wild Cattle-Herding—Hunting—Branding—Churreria—Slaughtering—Curing Beef—Hides—Tallow—Hones—Meats—Hogback—Charque Soups.

During the past year, there has been in England a great deal published, read and believed, of the easy possibility of cheapening the beef market, and bringing a meat diet within the means of the lower millions of Great Britain, by the importation of the jerked material from South American regions.

Not a little of the English paper positiveness has been reproduced by journals in our own country, the publishers of which conscientiously believing in English statistics, honorably conceived the feasibility of cheapening our own beef market, by the introduction into the United States, of cured beef from the Southern hemisphere.

Unable to discover any possible indument that writers upon the subject, either abroad or at home, can have to wilfully misrepresent facts, I am induced to accept the opinion that such have been tickled with the "long bow" of some modern South American tourist, who has possibly penetrated as far as Rio Janeiro, and given to his countrymen at home, facts as reliable as those of English tourists through the United States always have been in relation to our manners, customs, and institutions. Not an atom.

Certainly those who write of thousands on thousands of animals being slaughtered annually in South America for their hides only, must have been enjoying a Rip Van Winkle nap, recently awoke and fell to scribbling of South American beef-killing forty years ago, for at the present day every individual portion of the animal is as economically utilized at the Brazilian, or Buenos Ayres churreria, as is the slaughtered swine at a Cincinnati pork-house.

It is true there may be occasional isolated instances of an animal being slaughtered on account of the hide, but only in some remote region where the carcass could not be made available for any purpose.

At the present time, when jerked beef is worth \$2 the carob of thirty-two pounds, nearly six and a quarter cents per pound at Portalegre, in the very heart of the Brazilian beef regions, and nearly two hundred miles in the interior, it is by no means probable that it can be put in competition with the home material, either in the English, or our own markets, considering that there would be a heavy export duty at one end, an import one still heavier at the other, and high freights in the middle of the transaction, and a dead loss, I believe, full forty per cent of the material by spoiling.

As a general rule South American beef will not keep long out of a South American atmosphere unless it be cooked, canned, and hermetically sealed. Experiments in salting, packing, and pickling in barrels, as beef is put down in the United States, have been faithfully made there forty years in South America, and in all instances have proved failure.

A Rio Grande, situated on the south side of the river of that name, in the southern extremity of the empire, has for many years been the great hide mart of the Brazilian empire, the market being supplied from all the interior regions, but principally from the vast plains beyond Portalegre towards Paraguay.

In many sections of this territory there are herds of wild cattle innumerable; in many instances claimed by individuals, who for a trifling right to the wild stock, while in others millions of free cattle roam the grassy plains as owners less as the buffalo of our western prairies, the property of those who are fortunate enough to hunt them down in the chase.

Having acquired his territory, and established his bounds, the proprietor takes the field, accompanied by a formidable force of peon henchmen, every one of whom are experts with the lances, and at home in the saddle, and proceeds to disarm the dangerous and apply his burning autograph to every animal great and small of the bovine genus found within the limits of his domain.

First, the old bulls are ridden down, lassoed, and flung to the earth, strangling and helpless, and in this condition, while one nimble peon burns into flank or shoulder blade, the sign manu of his master, with a red-hot iron snatched from the portable charcoal furnace slung at his saddle bow, another barbarian whets away at the horns of the prostrate brute with a dull hatchet. After a dozen, perhaps ineffectual hacks, off pops the shell of the horns, leaving the tender, bleeding pith raw and bare. Then the wiry noose is slipped off, the bewildered bull staggers to his feet, and with tail on end, goes reeling away, roaring with agony, in no mood or condition to gore any one.

The dangerous animals being all disarmed in this manner, the cows and young stock are subjected to the hot iron, and thus in the course of a week the proprietor has acquired a herd of perhaps four thousand head of cattle.

As to the brands, they are neither writing, Roman letters or hieroglyphics as a general rule. But the proprietor knows them as his mark, and his neighbors know them as theirs, and so they serve his purpose.

Having secured a stock sufficient to commence operations upon, a churreria, or slaughter house, is the next consideration.

In these establishments there is as great a dissimilarity of structure and economy as there is in the butchering establishments in the United States. Let us, however, take as our sample one of a great many of the improved order, now to be found common enough throughout the southern provinces of Brazil, and in Buenos Ayres, all along the Rio de la Plata.

A funnel-shaped stockade of strong palisading, or adobe wall, goes out from the slaughter yard, towards the campo; and into this the animals destined for slaughter are driven. The narrow end next the churreria is closed with strong folding-doors, above which, on a platform on the outside, stands the matador, or slayer, holding in one hand the noose of a strong rope, and in the other a long, keen-bladed knife. The rope leads through a slit between the leaves of the door, its inner end attached to a pair of mules.

The headman upon the platform drops the noose adroitly over the horns of the nearest animal, gives a signal, away go the mules within, drawing the head of the doomed victim tight up against the doors. Reaching down with his long knife, the butcher stabs the animal vigorously in the spine, just back of the horns, the

folding gate flies open, the mules advance again, the victim falls upon a low truck which runs down a slightly inclined railroad track, and is rolled down a steeper lateral plane, at any point along the track, where it may happen to be needed first.

A leather-colored peccu, or swart African, nude, with the exception of a foul, bloody cloth about the loins, passes upon the quivering carcass, first cutting the throat, and while the animal is still floundering in its death throes, fails to, saying of the hide, the bullock being often doused of skin by the time it is quite

reverse his first decision, and declare positively, the demands of the civilized world can never exact such a supply.

As an addendum to the churreria, let us take a brief glance at an inevitable feature of the establishment—the soup kettle.

Within the slaughter pens, though a little removed from the deepest of the muck, filth, and odorous garbage, hangs always a huge cauldron, over bubbling, and affording its savory soup alike to naked butchers, blood-dripping peccus, burly negroes, mulattoes, ebony washers, and the scarcely more fastidious Senoras within the mansion, close at hand.

Constantly the contents of the great kettle is suffering depitition by the gourds of miscellaneous soup eaters, who observe no periods; and as constantly is it being replenished by contributions from many sources.

One of the tallow strippers changes upon a nice leaf of fat, and tearing it out with her fingers as fuel with intestinal filth as they can be, and trotting away to the soup kettle, contributes her choice mite, never thinking of water once. The butcher cuts out a tit-bit of tenderloin or sweetbread and doses it into the soup, shaking from his grey hand and arm, along with it, slots of foul blood and wisps of hair. As required, some one dashes in a bucket of water, another supplies a handful of salt; the cook from the case contributes vegetables; the fies, which swarm in countless millions, contribute themselves by thousands; and when at the hospitable dinner-table of the proprietor you are served with soup from a magnificently chased silver tureen of the material, literally pontooned with steamed fies, you naturally wonder if there is another liquid abomination in this world equal to churreria soup!

ONE OF HIS GOOD DEEDS.

Respectfully Dedicated to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

A Merchant in a Northern city dwelt;

He had been fortunate—around his home Lay all that makes Life bright, and sweet, and safe.

But 'mid the sheaves of his prosperity,

A reptile thought in darkness brooding lay;

And when the cry of War aroused the land,

He gathered round him his young sons, and breathed.

Into their ears the poison of that thought,

Saying, *the South was wronged.* Like naphtha

On fire, his evil words fell on their hearts.

Explosion came. They left their Northern home.

And in blind enmity turned their young strength

Against the Flag, below whose sheltering Stars

That strength had grown—and fought for Rebel-dom.

The next important article to be looked after is the tallow. This material is never abundant in a South American animal, rarely, I think, reaching ten pounds in weight, as the yield from the best bullocks slaughtered in the Rio Grande or La Plata churreria. But what fat there is, either about the entrails, in the leaf, or on any of the flesh, is separated, saved, and tried out, in just as an abominable manner and condition as the beef is cured. Indeed, filthiness is an inheritance universal of these semi-civilized South American beef killers, and one who has neither the ability or disposition to get rid of.

The tallow, when tried out, is usually beautifully variegated in color, the mucus, I think, predominating; but as this elaboration of color never adds anything to the market value of the material, it might be dispensed with, to the advantage of producer and buyer. The tallow, when rendered, is put up, the better grades in bulk-bladders, and the inferior qualities in wooden boxes; more than half of all that is manufactured being taken of late years for the German market—the reputation in England and the United States never having taken a range above grease. Boxes come next the hides in commercial value. The skeleton of the animal, after being denuded of flesh, is dismembered, and the bones, with those of the limbs, are subjected to a high-pressure steaming process, affording considerable fatty material, which goes in with the tallow, while the bones are left beautifully white, and by far cleaner than any other portion of the animal. They are then assorted, all the whiter and more solid bones being selected and sold to the French and German manufacturers, who in turn sell them to us as samples of superb elephants' tusks.

The second grade of bones, goes mostly to England for the making of buttons and such other small wares as are acknowledged to be of bone; while all the softer, more porous material goes for bone dust, phosphates and "ivory black" for our finer paints, and clarifying our

What could he do?

Ab! then the Nemesis that follows Treason, Piled her red scourge, while on the iron-wheel Of aimless thought, his mind in anguish whirled, Till desperate hope was born of his despair.

"I'll go to LINCOLN! He's the President, But he's a Father. Though I hate his measures, And never loved the man—I'll go to him; They say he is a tender Father—sure His heart will soften to a Father's prayer."

He went, obtained an audience, told his tale, The grave clear eye of Lincoln scanning him;

"Your son a rebel—...a Northern man—

Where did he get his principles?"

From me,"

The wretched Father said—"The fault is mine."

Then LINCOLN clasped his hands, and looking upwards,

"My God!—a Northern man, and foe to Freedom."

His eyes grew stern, his brows knit, and the suppliant,

Watching his face as 'twere Fate's prophecy,

Saw steadfast meaning settle there, and stretched

His hand in dumb entreaty—for his voice

Refused to pass his white and quivering lips.

For a moment

Life's balance trembled—then a pen was seized,

A few words written, signed. The President

Held out the mercy mandate. "Go," he said,

"Take home your son, and if your loving care

Can restore him back to health, unteach your

Le-sons,

And bid him fight for, not against his Country."

Too wildly glad, too much overcome to speak,

One eloquent look of thanks the Father gave,

And left the Presence.

On the crime-stained day

Which orphaned all the Nation, when the tidings

Smote on that Merchant's ear, he started back—

Covered his face, and falling on his knees,

Went bitterly. And no sincerer grief

Followed the death-train, than ached in the

heart

Of him to whom LINCOLN gave back his son.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[June 5, 1868]

THE OPEN DOOR.

Within a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, when her children asked
One night, in vain, for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord
And knew that He was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to Him for food.

When prayer was done, her oldest child,
A boy of eight years old,
Said softly, "In the holy book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied His prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she; "but that, my son,
Was long ago indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
What He has done before;
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will unclose the door."
Then Bistic Dirk, in simple faith,
Tore open the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

 Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was open so at night.
"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow, smiling said,
"That ravens might fly in to bring
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried,
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my home and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door,
Looked up, said, "Many thanks, good Lord!"
Then shut fast once more.
For, though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.

A FLIGHT IN THE DARK.

My father was an engineer before me, and gave up a tolerable business in a large provincial town to take an engagement under a railway company; and when I left school, he put me into his office, where I stayed till I was twenty years old.

"This sort of work won't do for you any longer, Tom," said my father to me one day. "You are getting as lanky as a clothes-prop, and round-shouldered into the bargain. We must get you out into the fresh air. Suppose you go as engine-driver for a couple of years; it will do your health good, and you will get an amount of genuine practical knowledge that way, which you could get in no other, which may some time be of great use to you in your profession. When you have had enough of that, you shall try your hand at surveying for the new branch they are talking about."

So I, by no means loath, went into the engine-shed; and after a short experience as "cleaner," went out on the "Fairy," as stoker, under old Sam Preston, one of the most experienced drivers on the line.

The life of an engine-driver, when once you have got over the disagreeableness of being, while on duty at least, in a chronic state of greasy blackness, is by no means either an unpleasant or an unhealthy one; and speaking for my own part, I certainly liked it much better than being cooped up all day in an office.

We had a week of night-duty and a week of day-duty alternately; and were always employed to run either the express or mail trains—a task for which none but the best drivers are selected. You must understand that all this took place more than twenty years ago, when the railway-system was in its infancy, and before the electric telegraph was an accomplished fact. The "Fairy" was running, on the week in question, between Mellinghall and Rippinghurst—the former, as you are aware, being one of the largest manufacturing towns in the northern counties, and the head-quarters of the line on which I was employed. Mellinghall has two lines of railway running into it—one from the north, and one from the south-east; both of which lines meet at a junction about half a mile from the station, and run their trains between those points on rails common to the two.

The Rippinghurst mail started at eleven P. M.; that for the north half an hour earlier; but our instructions were to have everything in readiness a quarter of an hour before the time of starting, and to run the engine from the shed on to a spare line used for the purpose just outside the yard, there to await the signal bell which announced that the main line was clear, and then ran back to the platform, and take up our train. As we drove slowly up to our waiting-place, Sam was in the habit of dropping off the engine most evenings, to have a few minutes' gossip with a friend of his, a pointman, whose name, in common with Sam's, ran on large gooseberries and small dogs; and as I came back past the pointman's box, on my way into the station, in answer to the bell, Sam would bid his friend good-night, leap blithely on to the engine, pull on his greatcoat, tie a shawl round his throat, and prepare for the long dark journey before him. At the point where the "Fairy" took up her position, waiting for the signal, the line on one side was open to the fields, while on the other were several wharfs, opening on to an adjacent canal, beyond which lay the town of Mellinghall with its thousand lamps.

I had driven up to the waiting-place one cold autumn night, dropping Sam, as usual, at his friend the pointman's box, and had just lit my pipe, thinking to have a quiet smoke for ten minutes before the bell should ring, when I was startled by the sudden appearance, close to the engine, of two gentlemen—for if not gentlemen, they were dressed as such—who seemed almost as if they had sprung from the ground, so quiet had been their approach, so unexpected was their appearance. "Railway nobes there," I muttered to myself, snatching my pipe out of sight in hot haste. "Probably a couple of directors. Two nobes of them, though, to come prying about a fellow's engine at this time of night, trying to find out something against him. They'll fine poor Sam, if they find him off his post." One of the strangers was stout, and

the other was slim. They were both well wrapped up, for the night was chilly; and the slim one carried a small, square leather case in one hand—judging by that dim light, it might be either a dispatch-box or a small portfolio.

"You are waiting here to take out some train, young man?" said the stout gentleman interrogatively.

"Yes, sir—the mail for Rippinghurst."

"And that starts—when?"

"In twelve minutes, sir, from the platform."

"Ay, just so." He began to walk slowly round the "Fairy" with his hands behind him, looking at her admiringly from every point of view, and talking to me all the time. "I suppose your engine is oiled and watered ready for the journey?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how far do you run before taking in fresh water?"

"We always take in water at Merryvale, thirty-eight miles from here. We have to stay there three or four minutes, on account of the latter-haul."

"But supposing you had no train behind you, how many miles could you run to-night, say at the rate of forty miles an hour, before being obliged to stop for coke or water?"

"About seventy miles, sir."

"About seventy miles! Just so. Really, these steam-monsters seem to me the most wonderful inventions of this or any previous age;" and as he said these words, he mounted coolly on to the engine. Then I felt more certain than ever that he must be a director or some great railway functionary; while the slim gentleman with the dispatch-box, standing so quietly on the ground, beating his chest with one hand to keep himself warm, was probably a clerk or amanuensis.

No sooner had the stout gentleman clambered up beside me, than he commenced another rapid cross-fire of questions, and made me explain to him the method of working the engine. I showed him how to start her, how to stop her, how to put on the brake, and sound the whistle. He expressed himself as being immensely gratified; and when his list of questions was exhausted, called to the slim gentleman to get up beside us, in order that he might explain to him some more interesting point of consonance.

The slim gentleman, still holding the dispatch-box carefully, had hardly complied with this request, when the bell sounded which summoned me to the station, and I at once started the engine.

"We will ride as far as the platform with you," said the stout gentleman, watching my movements attentively.

The ordinary programme of proceedings was as follows: on hearing the bell, to run the engine slowly forward to the second pointman's box, where a man was in waiting to turn her on to the main line, after running on for a few yards, she was reversed, and run back, tender first, into the station, taking up Sam Preston at the first pointman's box on the way in.

On the present occasion, as soon as I heard the bell, I sounded my whistle as a notice to pointman number two; and on seeing his green light exhibited, ran the engine forward over his points till we were on the main line. I was just about to reverse the engine, for the purpose of running back into the station, when the stout gentleman spoke to me.

"How far is it from here to the junction where the line to Rippinghurst separates itself from the north line?"

"About half a mile, sir."

"And what means has the pointman at that junction of distinguishing one set of trains from the other, or of knowing on to which line they ought to be turned?"

"His tables inform him at what time each train ought to arrive or depart, in addition to which, all engines going north give two distinct whistles, while those going south to Rippinghurst and other places, whistle three times before reaching the junction, and thus notify to the pointman which route it is intended they should take."

"Just so; two whistles when you go north, and three when you go south. *Le moment au service!*" Scarcely had the stout gentleman, who was standing behind me, uttered these words, when I felt myself seized suddenly round the throat with an iron grip, while my head was wrenching violently back; and the next moment I became insensible. Had such a mode of attack been known in those days, I should certainly have said that I had been garrotted.

When I came to myself, I was lying on my back among the cokes in the tender, with my overcoat put under my head by way of a pillow. I staggered to my feet, feeling very dizzy and faint, and with a choking sensation in my throat that was far from agreeable. The "Fairy" was tearing along at a terrific pace, with no train behind her; going, too, not south to Rippinghurst, but along the main line to the north, as I saw when I looked round, for the night was fine, and the stars shone brightly; and I was familiar with every turn and feature of the landscape. Mellinghall was ten miles away, and two stations had been passed already. I had but just time to make these observations when the stout gentleman turned to address me.

"Getting round again, I perceive," said he; "you will be all right in another quarter of an hour. Here, take a dram of this brandy; you will find it improve you wonderfully. You will, I am sure, forgive me the little rudeness I perpetrated a few minutes ago. Necessity compelled me to act as I did. You are better already, I see. And now I will yield up my post of driver to you, having every confidence in your ability to conduct me and my friend safely to our journey's end."

"And where may that be?" asked I somewhat sullenly. "This is not the road to Rippinghurst."

"Just so. It is the line to the north on which we are now travelling—I whistled twice at the junction, according to your instructions—and it is northward that I wish to go. My friend and I were too late for the mail; we could not afford to wait for the next train, which, in fact, does not start till six to-morrow morning; so were compelled, in this rude and violent fashion, to invent a special for ourselves."

Fool that I was! how egregiously had I allowed myself to be deceived! I had actually taken one of these men for that awful personage, a railway director; whereas the two of them were probably nothing better than a brace of swindlers. With what dire punishment I should be visited when I got back to Mellinghall, I durst not even then pause to contemplate. It was true that I was being carried away against my will; but I had been wrong, in the first place, in allowing a stranger to get on to the engine, and

so render it possible for any one to usurp the command placed temporarily in my hands. The mail would be delayed; and when it was discovered that I had absconded with the engine, they would put me down as a lunatic at once. But a few minutes more would bring us to Fallowdene station, at which place I would stop and give the two strangers into custody, and prove my innocence at the same time.

"This sort of thing may seem a pleasant game to you," I said, turning to the stout stranger; "but it's decidedly unpleasant for me. You've delayed the mail, and run away with the engine—steal it, in fact, and laid yourselves open to an indictment for felony. But we shall be at Fallowdene in three minutes, and then you will have an opportunity of explaining to some one higher in authority than me, the meaning of your singular conduct, for I don't intend to drive you any further."

"Your master, my young friend, is really amusing," said the stout stranger, with a grim laugh. "Understand once for all, that I, and not you, am master of the situation; and that it is for you to obey my orders implicitly. Refuse to do so, or attempt to play any fool's tricks with the engine, and I will scatter to the winds what little brains you possess, and scratch your bones under the wheels of your own engine!"

"At the same instant, I felt the cold barrel of a pistol pressed to my temples; and I staggered back, and should have fallen from the engine, had not the stout man caught me by the collar, and dragged me back.

"There now, said he, good-humoredly, "you owe me some thanks for having saved your life. Do as I tell you, young man, and you will have nothing to fear. I pledge you my word to restore you in safety to the arms of your disconsolate friends."

I saw at once that further resistance just then would be useless; I had better make up my mind to obey the orders of the mysterious stranger, keeping, meanwhile, both eyes and ears on the alert. So, with a shrill whistle, we flew past Fallowdene at full speed; and then I shovelled a lot of coke into the furnace, and poured a little oil here and there among the joints of the machinery, and went quietly about my work, as though no strangers were present, but always keenly observant of what my companions were doing.

"I am glad to find that you have come to your senses so readily," said the stout man. "Keep your engine up to the mark, and our journey will be done all the sooner." So saying, he proceeded to fasten a white woollen comforter round his throat, and to put on a traveling-cap in place of his hat; after which, he lighted a cigar, and turned to look at his friend.

The stout man (gentlemen I call them now) had taken no part in the conversation; but seated from the first in one corner, with the dispatch-box between his knees, had seemed to take a very despondent view of his position. Him, the stout man now turned to address; but when he spoke, it was in the French language, evidently that I might not understand what was said; neither of them dreaming that the black greasy-looking stoker beside them was acquainted with more languages than his own.

"How melancholy you look to-night, my friend," said he; "one would think you were in love, so forlorn as you sit there. All our plans have succeeded; and although we missed the train, that is a matter of little moment, since, thanks to our clever *soup-dé-matin*, we shall not be above half an hour late at our destination; and Peter will surely wait that short time for us. This night, of all nights in the year, you ought to be as merry as a blackbird; for now you have accomplished your revenge—that revenge for which you have been sighing, day and night, for six months past. So cheer up, my child, and be light-hearted, as I am; let the future take care of itself. *Vive la bagatelle!*"

"It is so cold sitting here," replied the slim man with a shiver, "with nothing to occupy either one's fingers or one's thoughts."

"It is because your thoughts are so busily occupied, my friend, that you are so gloomy and distrustful. But you said you were cold; here, draw this flask, choose cognac, I assure you; not a headache in a bucketful of it. And here, take this overcoat of mine; for myself, I can do just as well without it;" and unbuttoning the remonstrances of the other, the stout man slipped out of his greatcoat, and induced his friend into it; then poured a quantity of cognac into the cup of his flask, and made him swallow that; and finished up by insisting that he should try a cigar. But spite of these friendly attentions, and the cheering words which accompanied them, the slim man remained silent and shivering, brooding over some dark secret, known only to himself and his friend. When the stout man found that all his efforts to cheer the other were unavailing, he turned away with a muttered exclamation, and troubled himself no further, in the matter, but went on smoking his cheroot, and watching all my movements attentively, as though he feared I might play him false."

He asked me the name of each station that we passed, and its distance from Mellinghall; and he became temporarily excited once or twice, when the red light (the signal to stop) was exhibited at some station; at which times I had to slacken speed, and whistle till the green light took its place, when we again put on all steam, and tore on our way. The cold glitter of a pistol-barrel would meet my eye at such times, and a muttered curse would fall on my ear, to beware that I did not attempt any treachery. But the dangerous point once passed, the pistol would disappear for a while, and the stout man would go on smoking more furiously than ever, as if to make up for lost time. He took out his watch once or twice; and when he held it to the lamp to see the hour, I had for the moment a clear view of his face.

He was by no means ill-looking, and seemed to be about forty years old. He wore a thick black moustache, but the rest of his face was closely shaven; he had dark piercing eyes, that seemed to look through you; and, for the rest, was, in manners and appearance, as much a gentleman as nine-tenths of those who usurp that honorable title.

I kept the furnace of the "Fairy" well supplied with fuel, and she went along at a gallant pace, for I was determined to end this strange journey as soon as possible. Past one mile-post after another, standing white out against the dark embankments; with ever and anon a station, big or little, rushing madly up to us, staring at us blankly for a single second, and calling to us with every mouthful that he ate. Behind his chair stood Black Care, the terrible, the unbidden, and poisoned the contents of cup and platter with a touch of its skeleton finger. As for the old man, he mumbled and jabbered away in his aphasic monologue, unheeded by everybody. Mr. William being just then too much preoccupied with his own thoughts to pay the least attention to him.

When supper was over, Mr. William and the old man left the room together; but in a few minutes, the former came to the door, and beckoned to me to follow him. I accordingly stumbled after him up a long, dark flight of stairs, and was finally ushered into a room having a small camp bedsted in one corner; while across the brightly-blazing fire stood a large easy-chair and a small table, in the former of which the old man was already seated.

"You will have to make yourself comfortable here for the night," said the stout man, turning to me. "That bed is at your service; and here, passing the old man on the shoulder, "is one who will attend to your requirements. Good-night, and pleasant dreams."

He gathered from the stout man's observations that he was well acquainted with this part of the country, and that our flight in the dark was now almost ended; indeed, the "Fairy," good little engine though she was, could not have held out much longer without a further supply of water.

"Half-way between Burleigh and the next station," said the stout man, "is the point where I wish to stop. You will make your arrangements accordingly; and you will further understand, that when I leave the engine you will accompany me. I cannot afford to dispense with the pleasure of your company just yet."

Here was a new view of the case with a vengeance! and just as I was calculating how comfortably I could work my way back to Mellinghall, and reach home in time for an early breakfast.

I remonstrated, but to no purpose; he stopped me sternly, and at once.

"Run your engine off the main line on to the first siding you come to," said he; "and, for the rest, hold your tongue."

I slackened speed at once; and about a mile further on we came to a small branch-line leading to a colliery some distance away. Here the slim man got down, and held the points open by my direction, while I ran the "Fairy" off the main line, and brought her to a stand. This done, I let off the steam, and raked some of the fire out of the steam, while the others stood by watching me impatiently.

When here, my young friend," said he, "you have acted sensibly to-night in not disputing my orders. Continue to do as I tell you, and no harm shall befall you; but attempt to deceive me, or to take French leave, and you will have something sent after you that will silence you for ever. On one point make your mind easy—I am a dead shot; I never miss my aim."

"Go ahead," said I sulkily; "you needn't talk so much about your confounded pistol."

The stout man replied with a laugh, and slinging the dispatch-box by a strap over his shoulder, led the way at a quick pace from the branch-line over a track of rising-ground, out to a wide stretch of bleak moorland, intersected by several roads, never hesitating for a moment as to the path he ought to take, but leading the way as confidently as though he were familiar with every inch of the ground, which probably he was.

I followed close behind, and with the slim man brought up the rear. After walking thus for a mile or two, we came to a plantation of firs, the edge of which skirted the road we were traversing. The stout man whistled twice in a peculiar way, and we all stood still to listen.

In a moment the response came—a similar whistle, and close at hand. Next we heard the noise of wheels, and presently a carriage of some kind drove out of a narrow lane, that ran by one end of the plantation, and drove slowly up to where we were standing. As well as I could make out by that light, it seemed nothing more than an ordinary hackney-coach, with perhaps a better horse than common in the shafts; while, as for the driver, he was so thoroughly muffled up, that it would be impossible to recognise him again. He began to swear at us, as soon as he got near enough to be heard, for having kept him waiting so long; but at a few whispered words from the stout man, his obtrusiveness lapsed into a muttered curse or two, and then died away in sulky silence. We three pedestrians, together with the dispatch-box, were quickly inside the cab; the windows were closed, and the blinds pulled down; and we were driven off at a good pace, which was kept up without break or rest for what seemed to me a very long time, till at last we rattled over the paved streets of some town, and about five minutes later came to a stand. I had some acquaintance with that part of the country, and I knew that within a radius of fifteen miles from the point where we left the engine, three country towns were situated, all of them busy, populous places. To which of these three towns had I been taken? On this point I was as helpless to form a judgment as if I had been born blind.

On

probably fitted every door in the house; at all events, it opened the door of my prison, as I was not long in discovering. Although this was only the first step towards my escape, I could not repress the strong bounding of my heart when the door ~~closed~~ on its hinges, and I stepped cautiously up on the landing, and then stood listening to the murmur of the voices below stairs. But the most difficult part of my enterprise was still before me. This was to pass without discovery the open door of the room below, and then go down the second flight of stairs to the ground-floor, and so out by the first door I could find. The attempt, to succeed at all, must be made at once, before the stout man came up stairs, which he probably would do so long, to look after the safety of his prisoner.

Before venturing down in the direction of the voices, I gave one last look round my prison, and examined once more the bonds of the old man; then I blew out the candle and locked the door; and having removed the key, began to feel my way down the stairs, one at a time, pausing to listen between every step. Fortunately, the house was one of the old-fashioned kind, and strongly built, and not the faintest cracking of a stair betrayed my presence. At length I reached a large landing, giving access to four rooms. The door of one of these rooms was only partially closed, and through the opening shone a faint stream of light, while now and then a muffled word or two, whose tones I at once recognised, told me that there sat my captor and his friend. Their conversation was nearly over by the time I reached the landing, but they still seemed to be silently busy over something. What was the nefarious business that occupied them at such an unholy hour?

Noisome as a shadow, I moved forward till I stood on the mat at the entrance of the room. The door was too far closed for me to see the occupants of the room, or for them to see me; but from where I stood I could see the chimney-piece, and the large pier-glass which stood on it and, in this glass I could see the reflection of the stout man and his friend—could see, too, distinctly, what they were doing, which kept them so silent and so busy.

They had got the brown leather portmanteau open between them, and were intently examining its contents, which consisted of watches, chains, rings, and pins, together with several small boxes filled, apparently, with precious stones of different kinds—all, without doubt, the proceeds of some great robbery. I stood like one fascinated, forgetting for the moment the danger of my position. At length the stout man spoke:

"A very pretty little haul, Master Matthew!" said he. "As nice a stroke of business as I've done for a long time, and neatly done, too, though I say it that shouldn't. I got two little black leather travelling-bags up stairs, which will do admirably to hold the swag. I'll go and fetch them, and then we'll make a fair division, as agreed on, and pack up, ready for a start. I must give a look to that young shaver up stairs, and see that he's all right. I'm puzzled to know what to do with him—hang me if I ain't."

"Stick a knife in his gizzard!" suggested the slim man with a yawn.

"No, no; we'll not do that, if we can help it," answered his companion. "That's a line of business I've never gone into yet, and I don't mean to, either. My motto is, 'Dead men always tell tales.' I'd rather have a live one to deal with any day of the week. No, I must think out some plan before morning of disposing of him for a few days till we've got quietly away. Not, mind you," he added, "that I would hesitate to stick bullet into him, if my blood was up, and I thought he was going to blow upon our little affair."

He got up, and pushed back his chair:

"Now, you stay here," he said, "while I run up stairs. I shall be back in five minutes, and then we'll go share and share alike."

I waited to hear no more, but hardly knowing what I did or whether I was going, sped noiselessly up stairs again. Before coming down, I had noticed on the upper landing a small closet or lumber-room, in which stood a large ragged screen. Intuitively the idea came into my mind to hide—for a minute or two behind this screen, and take my chance of escape in a rush down stairs, while the stout man was engaged with the first surprise of the discovery that would greet him on entering the room where I had been confined.

By the time I had reached the landing, the stout man was ascending the lower stair; and the same instant that I crept behind the screen, he paused opposite the door to feel for his key, and the next moment the door of my prison was opened, and he went in. "Hollo! what's this? Why are you in the dark?" I heard him exclaim; and then I stole from my hiding-place, crossed the landing, and turning the key in the lock, made both him and the old man prisoners, and then rushed down the first flight of stairs at a breakneck pace. I paused for a second or two on the lower landing, noticing, some surprise, as I did so that the room where the two men had been conferring only a minute before was now in darkness. Why had not the slim man awaited the return of his friend, as the latter had requested him to do? That, however, was a question which just then did not concern me.

I had now the lower flight of stairs to descend, and here I was obliged to proceed more cautiously, being unacquainted with the ground. I had turned two corners in safety, and was on the top of the last short flight, when a sudden thundering at the locked door above startled me from my balance, and I stumbled headlong down the remaining stairs, bursting open a door at the foot of them, and landing in a large kitchen, at the other door of which—the door leading into the street—stood the slim man, with a very white face, trying with nervous haste to unfasten the bolts, and so let himself out. On the dresser close by his side stood the candle brought from up stairs, and at his feet the portmanteau was shut and partly strapped. I understood his little game at a glance, even if his ghastly tell-tale face had not proclaimed it. He had taken advantage of his comrade's brief absence to abscond with both shares of the stolen property, trusting in the darkness to get clear away, and secure the whole of the booty to himself. A look of relief shot over his face when he saw that it was not his terrible comrade come to avenge his treachery. With a snarl of rage, he turned from the door, and drawing a pistol from his bosom, fired it point-blank at me just as I was rising from the ground. The wind caused by the bullet stirred my hair, but there was no further damage done, and before he had time to

fire again, I had sprung at his throat, and we grappled together, and rolled from side to side of the room in a wild struggle for mastery. He was agile and wiry as a panther, and quite my equal in sheer physical strength, for you must remember that I was little more than a lad at that time; and it would perhaps have gone hard with me had I not brought to bear a little trick with the leg which I had learned among the Westmorland wrestlers, which sent his feet from under him before he knew what was the matter, and brought him crashing to the ground, with me on the top of him. In falling, he struck his head with tremendous force against the edge of the oaken dresser, and next moment his group relaxed, his eyes closed, and a pallor as of death overspread his face. I thought in truth that he was killed.

All this time, the stout man was thundering at the door above stairs, making desperate efforts to get out; and as soon as I had struggled to my feet, the instinct to escape, to get away from that horrible house, came over me as strongly as before. I drew the remaining bolts, and opened the door, and felt the cool night-air blow freely over me with a feeling of thankfulness which no words of mine could express. I turned for a moment, as I crossed the threshold, for a last look at my opponent lying motionless across the hearth, and as I did so, my eye fell on the portmanteau, and noting on the impulse of the moment, I seized it, and, slinging it over my shoulder, closed the door behind me, and hurried away into the silent streets.

To the first constable whom I met, I gave myself and the portmanteau in charge, and was by him hurried off to the station, where I told my strange story in as few words as possible; and four constables were despatched from my description, as it had long been looked out with suspicion. When they returned, it was in company of two out of the three inmates of the house; but the stout man had got clear away before their arrival. The slim man, who had recovered his wits by this time, finding the game up, volunteered a confession, the details of which were afterwards found to be substantially correct, and the chief points of which I will now give you as briefly as may be.

The jewelry, &c., contained in the portmanteau had been stolen from the establishment of Bellingham & Co., the jewelers and silversmiths of Mellingshall. Mr. Bellingham's chief assistant and confidential servant was one Matthew Lampiough—who he has hitherto been designated as the slim man—a person who had gradually worked himself up from the position of shop-boy, till he had become practically the manager of the whole concern, for Mr. Bellingham was getting old, and glad to move some of the cares of business on to more youthful shoulders. But Lampiough's ambition at last overstepped his prudence, as he found to his cost, when he one day asked the old man to give him his daughter's hand in marriage—his daughter, who was so handsome and so accomplished, and would some day have thirty thousand pounds to call her own. The old man's reply, as soon as amazement would let him speak, was a peremptory refusal, accompanied by some disparaging remarks on the villainy of Matthew's origin—he had gone to Bellingham & Co.'s from the workhouse—and followed up by the intimation that he, Matthew, should retain his confidential post no longer, but be put back to the position of an ordinary assistant in the establishment. Matthew vowed to be revenged, and he kept his word. It was while he was in this mood that he made the acquaintance of an individual going by the name of Captain de Vaux—the stout man of my narrative—a gay-dashing fellow of insinuating manners, who was staying for a few weeks at the best hotel in Mellingshall. De Vaux was not long before he wormed himself into Matthew's confidence, and heard from his lips the narrative of his wrongs, as he deemed them to be; and then by slow degrees he unfolded a plan by which Lampiough might both revenge and enrich himself at the same time. Matthew stared aghast at the proposal when it was first unfolded to him; but the cunning De Vaux gradually familiarized him with the idea, till at length he assented with avidity. The first thing to do was to obtain duplicate keys of the strong boxes in which the stock of Bellingham & Co. was stored in the cellars below the shop. Wax impressions of the genuine keys were easily obtained by Matthew, from which De Vaux had real keys manufactured. After these had been tried, and found to answer, the time for their enterprise was fixed, and all needful preparations made by De Vaux for its successful issue.

Mr. Bellingham always left town on Saturday evenings, to spend Sunday at his villa in the country, the premises being left in charge of Matthew and two other assistants. It was agreed that Matthew should ask for leave of absence from Saturday night till Monday morning; and that, after the departure of Mr. Bellingham, he should go down into the cellars, open the safes with his false keys, load his portmanteau with the most valuable property he could find, relock the safes, and then quietly take his departure, as though he were going on his proposed journey. All this was safely accomplished. Lampiough got out of the house without being suspected by his fellow-servants, but not till half an hour past the time agreed on, so that when he and De Vaux reached the station, they found that the last north train had been gone five minutes. Their plan had been to get down by train to the station nearest De Vaux's house, then take the cab which would be in waiting for them, and so reach home about one o'clock in the morning. Here the spoil was to be divided, the necessary disguises assumed; and by six o'clock on Sunday morning, they were to be on board one of the foreign steamers which started at that hour from a neighboring port, by which means they would be safe out of England before the robbery was discovered. The rest you know.

The old man was too cunning to allow himself to be implicated in any way. Captain de Vaux was merely his lodger, he said; as to what his pursuits were, he knew nothing; and he had been requested to take care of me as being a mild lunatic, whom De Vaux was about to conduct to a private asylum. I may mention that in his younger days the old man had been known as a notorious "fence," or receiver of stolen goods.

The *soi disant* Captain de Vaux was captured several years after in France, for a daring robbery committed in that country, and condemned to the *travaux forcés* for—I forgot how many years.

"No smoking allowed here," said the steward of a steamboat to an Irishman. "I'm not smoking aloud, your honor," was the reply.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ZETA FSL

NAMELESS.
I've seen them oft and lightly.
Their blue eyes beam so brightly,
The light that flies;
From bright blue eyes,
Will wound a breast, the' knightly!
The' often smiling seeming,
Their brows then overwomning,
That angry glance,
With head acharance,
Would break my bright day's dreaming.

II.
Their smiles whan'er in meeting
Were changed to frowns repeating,
Lest they should see,
'Neath modesty,
A friendly look of greeting.
Yet they are unknown ever,
And now beyond endeavor,
'Tis proved to me,
That they will be,
Still nameless here forever.
—University of Pennsylvania.

Domestic Happiness in Africa.

Captain Grant, in his "Walk Across Africa," thus describes the home of a wealthy Indian, a benevolent old man who had an establishment of three hundred native men and women around him:

"At three o'clock in the morning, Moosah, who had led a hard life in his day, would call out for his little pill of opium, which he never missed for forty years. This would brighten him up till noon. He would then transact business, chat and give you the gossip at any hour you might sit by him on his carpet. To us it seemed strange that he never stopped talking when prayers from the Koran were being read to him by a 'Booken,' or Madagascan man. Perhaps he had little respect for the officiating priest, as the same reverend and learned gentleman was accustomed to make him his shirt."

"The harem department presented a more domestic scene. At dawn, women in robes of colored chintz, their hair neatly plaited, *gave fresh milk to the swarm of black ants*, or churned butter in gourds, by rocking it to and fro on their laps. By seven o'clock the whole place was swept clean. Some of the household fed the game fowls, or looked after the ducks and pigeons; two women chafed by the neck fetched firewood, or ground corn at a stone; children would eat together without dispute, because a matron presided over them—all were quiet, industrious beings, never idle, and as happy as the day was long. When any of Moosah's wives gave birth to a child, there was universal rejoicing; the infant was brought to show its sex; and when one died, the shrill lamentations of the women were heard all night long. When a child misbehaved, we white men were pointed at to frightened it, as nurses at home too often do with ghost stories."

LINES.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY M. T.

Oh! the little disappointments
And the trials which we have,
As with weary feet we travel
From the cradle to the grave.

Little trials never known of,
Even by the ones we love,
Whispered only to the angels,
Floating in the air above.

To the angels scattering roses
All along our path of life,
Smoothing down the rougher places,
Keeping us from sin and strife.

Seeing all our little trials,
All our smiles and all our tears,
As they gently hover o'er us,
Whispering softly in our ears,

Bidding us to bear up bravely,
Meet our troubles with a smile,
Each "cloud has a silver lining,"
Twill be but a little while.

SERMONS.

The custom of taking a text as the basis of a sermon is said to have originated about the time of Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites, in a public congregation of men and women, ascended the pulpit, opened the book of the law, and, after addressing a prayer to the Deity, to which the people said "Amen," "read in the law of God distinctly, gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." Previous to the time of Ezra, (457 years B. C.) the patriarchs delivered in public assemblies either prophecies or moral instruction for the edification of the people; and it was not until the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity, during which time they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain as well as to read the Scriptures to them—a practice adopted by Ezra, and since universally followed. In later times (Act. xv. 21) the book of Moses was read in the synagogue every Sabbath-day. To this custom our Saviour conformed, and in the synagogue, one Sabbath-day, read a passage from the prophet Isaiah, then closing the book, returned it to the priest, and preached from the text. The custom, which now prevails all over the Christian world, was interrupted in the dark ages, when the "Ethics" of Aristotle were read in many churches on Sunday, instead of the Holy Scriptures.

A RURAL MEMBER of the Connecticut Legislature, at Hartford, the other day, beckoned to the driver of one of the horse-cars, and as he slackened up called him to drive up to the curbstone. The street was muddy and the member didn't want to spoil the polish on his boots, but he wouldn't come up to the walk, and member went off with a "Gosh, I don't understand why in thunder he didn't drive up and let me in."

"The buyer needs a hundred eyes, the seller not one."

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENNIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XLII.

AN HARMONY SHEPHERD.

That night, long before Hall had cracked away the shell and put the withered old kernel to bed, John Galton and his wife had come to an understanding.

Kate did not lack courage. With all her vitality, all her vanity, all her natural longings for excitement, all her weakness, she was no coward. True, she would often evade a danger, wriggle out of the way of an unpleasantness; but it was from no fear of the danger or unpleasantness; it was solely to exercise her skill that she did it. Or rather that she had done it; for now she was more desirous of bearing all the ill that might be consequent on her own acts, of bearing them entirely by herself—she was, in fact, a better woman than when I first introduced her into these pages.

Her reformation had been wrought by no extraordinary means, nor perhaps, broadly speaking, was it a very wonderful reformation. She had never been a wrong-doer of a very marked order, nor will she probably ever be a well doer of a very marked order. To the end of her life she will most likely be addicted to excitements that do not lie legitimately in those paths of life which she is destined to pursue. To the end of her life she will be afflicted with a desire for admiration which is not always hers to command. She will never be a perfect woman, nor a specimen matron, but she will be a guileless life enough, for every particle of good within her husband has vitalized so successfully that it will only die when she herself does.

She came up to the encounter bravely and honestly enough that night after returning from the Caldwells. The encounter promised to be a severe one, she thought; for John had scarcely spoken at all since Lady Glaskill had thrown the glove down, and forced Kate to defend it. The encounter promised to be a severe one; there would be a sharp tussle, she knew well, with her own pride; and she feared even a far sharper one with her husband's just wrath.

She was resolved upon one thing—to make no little tricks of motherhood or domesticity in this battle which her own errors of the past forced her to fight. She would not take her husband to the bedside of their sleeping child, and there make her confession and win his forgiveness. The trick was one that she would have tried a short time since, but she swore before God this night that henceforth there should be no shadow of turning, no tinge of acting, in her dealings with this honest loyal man who had married her. "It shall be all fair and above board," she said to herself, and she meant it.

She ran up stairs before him and went into his dressing-room, and stood there leaning against the chimney-board till he came into the room. He had been hoping so earnestly, praying so fervently, that she would speak to him, and tell him whatever there might be to be told without his asking her, that the tears came into his eyes when he saw her there, evidently prepared to speak.

"John," she began directly he came up to her, "you know—I saw that you knew it—that Lady Glaskill meant you and me."

"Yes, I know it," he said.

"I was going to tell you that I had forgotten to speak to you about that furniture, but I will tell lies on the subject. I have not forgotten it. I've avoided it."

"Why have you avoided it?"

He asked this with a falter in his voice; he saw that she was straining herself up to speak the truth, let the truth be as hard as it might be to speak, and he shrank at the thought of that which he might have to hear.

"Why have you avoided it?"

"Ah! why indeed; you may well ask me, generous, lavish as you are with your money to me. I may well be ashamed of having hesitated to tell you I wanted more; I gratified my whim without counting the cost. Can you forgive me?"

She put her hand out to him as she spoke, and the dew came upon his brow. He could not ask her, "Had these things been given her?" but he very much feared it.

"What is the cost?" he asked, in a thick voice.

"I don't know." Then a blush came upon her cheek as she repeated, "I don't know—I don't know, really; I am afraid I have run dreadfully in debt, John; but the truth is, I don't know how much, for I tore up the bills when they sent them in without looking at them. The sight of the sum that would have to be paid would have bored me, so I tore them up."

He saw that she was speaking the truth, and nothing but it, and it was such an immense relief to him.

"Thank God!" he began. "I mean—then why shouldn't I say what I do mean?" he continued, taking his wife round the waist and drawing her up close to him. "Never mind the debt, you foolish girl." ("If I were that, there would be more excuse for her," she thought.) "What a brute I must have shown myself, that you dared not tell me before."

"Then you are not angry?" she asked, with a great sigh of relief.

"No; and you in turn tell me that in future you'll take me to your confidence in preference to Lady Glaskill."

And so they settled it.

After three weeks rolled on, winter and spring passed away, and summer was over the land, and still Lady Glaskill made no sign of moving. She had established herself in the best suite of rooms at the Grange, and she had caused it to be distinctly understood that the one-horse brougham, which hitherto had been only used for night-work, should be held sacred to her sole and whole use. There had been more than one passage of arms between Lady Glaskill and Miss Sarah. Miss Sarah had reproved her sister-in-law's aunt for being a whitened sepulchre, "and other offensive things," Lady Glaskill said, in the course of her complaint to Kate; and Lady Glaskill had wept and gnashed her last set of teeth at Miss Sarah, and been generally unavailing in her wrath. But, despite the weeping and gnashing of teeth, she had held her ground at the Grange, and so even Miss Sarah was made to feel that her attacks

dean Jervis on a head that had seen but eight summers—a girlish air nothing, tied under her chin with tulle. Mr. Sheldon wore the bonnet like a man, however. The last that was seen of him from the Haversham platform was the curve of his reversed back as he leant across and essayed to adjust the unadjustable railway carriage blinds, in order that the sun might not disport too freely on the dutiful prepared cheeks and brow which the before-mentioned tulle shaded.

"It's quite a relief to be quiet for a time of poor Aunt Gladys and her boxes," Kate said to her husband that night, when they were seated at dinner.

"I dareay. Ram freak, though, to Ing her boxes up with her if she means coming back, which I suppose she does."

"Yes," Kate replied. "Really, that Sheldon is good-natured. John. What trouble he gave himself about seeing them all put into the van, to be sure. He carries what Mr. Caldwell calls his 'earnestness' into everything."

CHAPTER XLII.

SYDNEY SCOTT'S GAIN.

Meanwhile the arrangements in that little house on Hampstead Heath were all perfected, thanks to Theo. Everything had devolved upon her since the day of her father's death—the ordering and managing of all things fell upon her, and she bore up under unaccustomed burdens stoutly. Mrs. Leigh had not loudly lamented, or openly bewailed the sad loss which she had sustained. But she had suffered horribly in making the most of herself in every way. She had the trick of seeming, not only frank and cordial, but well-bred, which she was not. At least her breeding, such as it was, did not come by inheritance, for the parent birds were unconditionally vulgar, and Miss Scott saw that they were so, and Miss Scott was heartily ashamed of them.

Her father was the more endurable of the two to her—that is to say, she could explain him away, as it were. "He went to sea when he was very young, and when the service was a very rough school, you know," she would say, when circumstances over which she had no control forced her papa to the front. But with regard to her mother, no such explanation could be offered. Mrs. Scott was a vulgar old woman, and her daughter saw that she was so, and didn't like it.

Sydney was naturally a sharp, clever girl, and as she was thrown more and more in contact with people possessed even of superficial refinement, she sharpened herself still more, and refined herself outwardly—refined herself, that is to say, quite enough for the society in which she was thrown not to find her wanting. When she had done this, those speeches of her mamma's about "knowing well what was due to the nobility," and the like, grated upon her irritable young nerves, and made her long for a fling in the world "quite free from mamma."

It was the old story of the new generation outstripping the old. They had themselves sided in making her unsuited to themselves. In her own outspoken way she had explained the whole case to Theo in a moment of confidence, and this was what she had said:

"I pass muster very well, you see, Theo, and mamma does not; now is it undutiful of me to wish to keep her quietly at home, where she isn't laughed at?"

Theo declined to give an opinion. The position was a delicate one; but as Miss Leigh had never been placed in it herself with respect to her own parents, she perhaps failed to appreciate the full force of the unpleasantness that had been an incubus on Sydney since the day "diction" had first dawned upon her.

Theoretically she would have scorned the idea of aiming at a bird that had fallen already to her friend's gun; but Frank Burgoyne was "very nice," and it was very pleasant to have him at the house when her mamma would refrain from lashing her wits and were in the wrong places upon her. It was very pleasant to have him there, and to remember that he had liked her very much, and that he wasn't married to Theo yet, and that he was the Lord Lesborough.

Frank, with a masculine disregard for the great grinding god necessity, suggested all manner of ways of relieving her ends which were not practicable.

"Afully you bother yourself when there's no occasion for it, Theo," he would say, whenever Theo seemed less fresh than he deemed fitting; "why not put the whole thing into Jackson & Graham's hands, and let them do it!"

"They'd charge more for looking at it, than the whole house cost, Frank," she replied; and then Frank, with a gleam of something like sympathy for the high-hearted, uncomplaining way in which she went on doing what she did not like, told her—

"Never to mind; she should have it all her own way at Paddington by-and-by." "By-and-by" meaning whenever Lord Lesborough should be good enough to die out of his grandson's way.

After the ball, Frank had inclined ever so much more kindly towards Theo's friend, Miss Scott. He cemented a fresh friendship with the bright little blonde, who never had anything in her head save the desire to make herself agreeable to the one present. She was always ready to walk, to talk, to do anything, in fact; and Theo very often in the evening was too tired to do anything more laborious than sit still and listen. When the Leighs migrated to Hampstead, Frank declared that to be an admirable plan which had once been frowned at by him.

"It will do you good to have Sydney Scott with you when you're settled, Theo," he said; and Theo agreed with him—

"As I can't have you always," she replied.

"I suppose you will quite desert Bretford when Theo is gone," Sydney Scott said to him one day; and he tried slip away from under the weight of the full meaning of that speech, as men are apt to do when such speeches are made to them. It was not pleasant to him, even though he meant to marry her, to have every one thrusting that intention of his forward. Perhaps Sydney had not calculated on the effect of her speech—perhaps she had done so. Who can tell? She was beloved by every one, herself included, to be a guileless, undesigning little thing. But the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.

"I don't know why you should suppose anything of the sort," he replied, rather coddly.

"Oh, I didn't know; I fancied she wouldn't like you to come; but you won't quite out me, will you?"

"No;" he promised her that he would not.

"We have all three been so happy lately," Miss Sydney went on rather plaintively. As Theo's attachment towards the happiness preceding their gatherings lately had consisted of lying down on a sofa and being very silent, it was necessary on Miss Scott's part to include her at all.

"We have all three been very happy lately. Oh! dear; I shall miss you, and that's the truth; I hope Theo will let you come sometime."

After this it was very natural, considering what Frank was, that Bretford should see him frequently. He gave up his contemplated visit to Haversham Grange, simply because his desire to see the mistress of it was fast fading away. He gave up the contemplated visit because it no longer had any charms for him; but not the less on account of that reason did he make a great merit of his abnegation to Theo, and hurl it at her whenever she suffered him to perceive that she thought he might find his way to Hampstead a little oftener.

"My dear girl, you wouldn't surely have me give up everything, would you?"

"No, decidedly not, Frank, but—"

" Didn't I give up going into Norfolk because I thought you would be dull without me, in this beautifully inaccessible spot you have put yourself in? What more can a fellow do?"

Miss Scott was held by all her acquaintances, herself included, to be guileless, undesigning, open as the day. She was most probably all of these things—in a measure. Who can exactly tell where she left off being them? Who, indeed, can tell whether she did leave off being them, or whether her acts and their results were as void of all calculation as they appeared to be? Who can tell anything about anybody, if it is coincidently that no excuses were needed?

"No, you're not over it yet, certainly," she replied, slowly; "have you come to tell me that you're ready to go over it, though? because, if you have," and here she began to speak very fast, "say it at once."

"I didn't come to tell you that," he said. "I came to tell you—and then was paused, for he was not quite sure of what he had come to tell her.

She gave what he fancied to be a gash profound emotion; in reality it was only a fit of excited breath-catching. The game was not quite her own yet. She was horribly afraid of losing it.

A word might make, or a word mar her. She saw that. She recognized fully that it was upon the cards still that she might lose, and with such great gains in view, to lose would be so very ignominious. A word might make or mar her. She called silence, and sweet looks, and a half-sigh, to her aid, the guileless little creature, as skillful as the most designing woman could have done.

He never thought for an instant of what Theo Leigh would suffer. He only felt that this "dear little thing" before him, with the clasped hands, and the big gray eyes, and the drooping corners, to the usually joyous mouth, was "feeling awfully cut up" at the prospect of his marriage with another girl. It would not be a good thing to do, but other men had done it before. "By Jove!" (with a sudden flash of memory,) "another man had done it to Theo Leigh herself. It would not be a good thing to do, but—"

"God! I can't stand it!" he cried, drawing Sydney nearer. "Believe me, I was led into that affair, Sydney, and I mean to get out of it, if you'll reward me for the bother it will give me."

So, on Sydney promising both to forgive and to reward him, he determined upon his perfidy to Theo, and justified his determination in the manliest, most honorable manner, by declaring that he "wasn't the first fellow who had served her so." This was quite natural—in fact, this was inevitable. The thing he was going to do was to be very mean and low, that only on the meanest, lowest grounds could it be justified.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

either to censure Miss Scott or lament the absence of her mamma.

He just gave the small white hand a tiny pressure before he released it, and said,

"I'm very glad of that. I want to tell you something."

At once there flashed through her mind a vision of that which he had to tell her, and she resolved upon making a bold play to be Lady Lesborough. She interlaced her delicate rounded fingers within each other almost convulsively, and her large gray eyes dilated, and the corners of her flexible mouth went down, as she exclaimed,

"Don't tell me—and yet do: you're ordered over the precipice?"

"But I'm not over it yet," he said, placing his hand down upon hers, as they still clasped each other. Then she knew that the game was her own. She knew that she had won.

She knew that this man was ready to jilt Theo Leigh at a word from her—at least even at a look, a sigh! She knew this as she stood silent and motionless for a few seconds, excusing herself to herself, and declaring to herself simultaneously that no excuses were needed.

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A word might make, or a word mar her. She saw that. She recognized fully that it was upon the cards still that she might lose, and with such great gains in view, to lose would be so very ignominious. A word might make or mar her. She called silence, and sweet looks, and a half-sigh, to her aid, the guileless little creature, as skillful as the most designing woman could have done.

He never thought for an instant of what Theo Leigh would suffer. He only felt that this "dear little thing" before him, with the clasped hands, and the big gray eyes, and the drooping corners, to the usually joyous mouth, was "feeling awfully cut up" at the prospect of his marriage with another girl. It would not be a good thing to do, but other men had done it before. "By Jove!" (with a sudden flash of memory,) "another man had done it to Theo Leigh herself. It would not be a good thing to do, but—"

"God! I can't stand it!" he cried, drawing Sydney nearer. "Believe me, I was led into that affair, Sydney, and I mean to get out of it, if you'll reward me for the bother it will give me."

So, on Sydney promising both to forgive and to reward him, he determined upon his perfidy to Theo, and justified his determination in the manliest, most honorable manner, by declaring that he "wasn't the first fellow who had served her so." This was quite natural—in fact, this was inevitable. The thing he was going to do was to be very mean and low, that only on the meanest, lowest grounds could it be justified.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EDIDN'T GO HOME TILL MORNING.—A good anecdote—never before in the newspapers—told of Manager Price, Theodore Hook and the eccentric Cannon. After a dinner given by Mr. Stephen Price, of Drury Lane Theatre, all the guests, with the exception of Cannon and Theodore Hook, having long since retired, the host, who was suffering from a severe attack of gout, was compelled to allude pretty plainly to the lateness of the hour; no notice, however, was taken of the hint, and unable to endure any longer the pain of sitting up, Mr. Price at length slipped quietly off to bed. On the following morning, he inquired of his servant—"Pray, at what time did those gentlemen go last night?" "Go, sir?" replied John; "they are not gone; they have just rung for coffee."

EDIDN'T GO HOME TILL MORNING.—At the famous elephant Hannibal, who has just died, was on his way to Washington, a few weeks since, he passed through a portion of Maryland where an elephant had never been seen, causing great astonishment, and sometimes consternation. One ancient female contraband, on suddenly encountering the huge beast, started back in amazement, and after a moment's examination of the "critter," threw up her hands, exclaiming with the utmost gravity, "Bress Lord, what tings dey do get up for dis war." She was under the full impression that Hannibal was a new-fangled invention got up to crush out the rebellion.

EDIDN'T GO HOME TILL MORNING.—An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom, who was standing by, began joking him, telling him to mind and put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last slipped quietly off to bed. On the following morning, he inquired of his servant—"Pray, at what time did those gentlemen go last night?" "Go, sir?" replied John; "they are not gone; they have just rung for coffee."

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A YOUNG Parisian artist lately painted a portrait of a duchess, with which her friends were not satisfied, declaring that it was totally unlike her. The painter, however, was convinced that he had succeeded admirably, and proposed that the question of resemblance or no resemblance should be left to a little dog belonging to the duchess; which was agreed to. Accordingly the picture was sent to the hotel of the lady the next day, and a large party assembled to witness the test. The dog was called in, and no sooner did he see the portrait of the lady than he sprang upon it, licked it all over, and showed every demonstration of the greatest joy. The triumph of the painter was complete; and all present insisted that the picture had been retouched during the night; which was actually so, the artist having rubbed it over with a thin coating of lead!

A Petroleum, who is doing the "tow" of Europe, thus graphically describes Constantinople:—Konstantinopol has a captive sight. It looks from seven hills up on beautiful spotches overlooking the held field in gush. Thars the Phosphorus, the sea of mormour, Mount Limpus, the Hellispond, and outcry—panniramer that brings to mind the words of the self-tyrannized Moor:

"And O! that be a lycous upon earth,
It this, it is this!"

JAMES' "EMAIL DE PARIS" for imparting beauty and freshness to the complexion. The Email is a fine and retarding hair-dye, and the exquisite "Email" without hesitancy L'Email Imperially endorsed by Miss Vestal, Miss Weston, Mrs. D. P. Howers and many other ladies of beauty and talent. Sold by all Druggists Performers and Ladies' Hair Dressers. Orders by mail should be addressed to JAMES & RENE, Philadelphia, Pa.

COX'S TONIC ELIXIR.

All the ladies use Cox's Tonic Elixir, and declare that nothing is so strengthening and invigorating after the fatigues of a warm day as that sovereign preparation. They place it side by side on the toilet-table with the "Email de Paris" and say if the one beautifies the complexion, the other imparts a youthful freshness to the system, and the system altogether indispensable. Cox's Tonic Elixir can be had of SAMUEL C. HARRIS Druggist and Chemist, 34 South Second street, below Market.

BERRY.—HUNTER'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for \$1.00 HUNTER & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia.

THE MIAAMA AND FOUL VAPORS generated by the hot sun will be far more deadly to our volunteers than the enemy's bayonets in the Indian and Mexican campaign. If you will write us in care of James' "Email de Paris," we will send you a few samples gratis. Then keep the troops in perfect health. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, Mr. Wadles Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a sum free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicine, as they cannot get it at a reasonable profit, as other persons do. 45 cents, 40 cents, 30 cents, and \$1.00 per box or pot. Soldiers, supply yourselves. Sold by all Druggists.

PATIENTS BROUGHT TO THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE by disease of the lungs CAN BE SAVED by COD LIVER OIL.

Of entirely pure and of the best quality, but not otherwise. John C. Baker & Co.'s medicinal transparent Cod Liver Oil has the reputation of the leading medical institution in the country. There is now a new bottle, 15 oz., and sold by John C. Baker & Co., No. 705 Market street, Philadelphia. Price \$1 per bottle. Letters from the country receive attention. For sale by all druggists.

THESE OF COX'S INFALLIBLE DYSPEPSIC PILLS, taken one at a time, will effect a certain cure. Dyspepsia should apply for them at once to Samuel C. Hart, 34 South Second street, below Market, Philadelphia.

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN. HUNTER'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for \$1.00 HUNTER & CO., Perfumers, 11 South Sixth St., Philadelphia.

FITS! FITS! FITS! Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCOCK'S Epileptic Pill to be the only remedy ever discovered for CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HUNTER, 68 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box \$1; two, \$3; twelve, \$10.

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2nd of May, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM H. ERKIN, of this city, to Miss ANNIE E. GAY, of Greenwich, Pa.

On the 3rd of May, by the Rev. J. W. Robins, D. D., MAURICE F. BLOUNT to CAROLINE R. MORRISON, daughter of the late Wm. Morris.

On the 3rd of May, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. CHARLES H. BILLS to Miss ALICE J. KEEF, both of the city.

On the 10th of May, by the Rev. G. Thompson, Mr. ALBERT G. COOPER to Miss ANNIE E. FOREMAN, both of this city.

On the 11th of May, by the Rev. T. C. Murphy, Mr. FRANCIS L. RUMMEL to Miss A. LOUISA AUSTIN, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 13th of May, by the Rev. Dr. V. D. Reed, Mr. CHARLES H. STODD to Miss TILDE R. DAUGHERTY of Lucas C. Pierson, Esq., both of Camden, N. J.

DEATHS.

NOTICES OF Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Washington, D. C., on the 3rd of May, Rev. WILLIAM CHASER, D. D.

On the 5th mo., 21st, MARY O. SHARPNESS, in her 73d year.

On the 20th of May, WILLIAM H. JONES, in his 55th year.

On the 22d of May, C. COLLINS CHAMPION, in his 55th year.

On the 23d of May, Mrs. MARY J. THOMAS, aged 40 years.

On the 23d of May, DAVID SHIPS, in his 90th year.

On the 26th of May, Mrs. ELIZABETH CLOUDS, aged 57 years.

On the 19th of May, DANIEL V. PAUL, Esq., in his 60th year.

On the 19th of May, JOHN BENTLEY, in his 22d year.

On the 18th of May, THOMAS VANSANT, in his 77th year.

On the 20th of May, WILLIAM SCHNEIDER, in his 60th year.

CARD FOR NEW YEAR.
1865. EYRE & LANDELL. ESTABLISHED IN 1848.

We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.

SEND STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
SEND STOCK OF DRUGS GOOD.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.

merely.

"**E**W" The late Mr. Thackeray had a nose of a most peculiar shape, as may be seen by his portrait. The bridge was very low, and the nostrils extremely well developed. On one occasion, at a party where Douglas Jerrold was present, it was mentioned that Mr. Thackeray's religious opinions were unsettled, and that a lady of his acquaintance was doing her best to convert him to Romanism. "To Romanism!" exclaimed Jerrold. "Let's hope she'll begin with his nose!"

"**E**W" SIX FEET HIGH.—The wit deservedly won his bet, who, in a company where every one was bragging of his tall tail, wagered that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. He had, he said, two half brothers, each measuring six feet.

"**E**W" A witty chap indites the following good thing:—"The match was a regular greenback match, that could not by law be staid; his offer a legal tender was, and she was the tender maid (made)."

"**E**W" A contemporary notices it as a singular fact that nearly all the leaders of the Southern rebellion were advanced in years. They were certainly old enough to know better.

"**E**W" Tobacco gets tormented in every way—burnt, smoked, chewed, pinched, and now, taxed nearly out of sight!

"**E**W" One Patrick Macquire had been appointed to a situation the reverse of a place of all work; and his friends, who called to congratulate him, were very much surprised to see his face lengthen on receipt of the news. "A sinecure, is it?" exclaimed Pat. "Sure there is a sinecure is; it is a place where there is nothing to do, and they pay you by the piece."

PHILADELPHIA.

NATATORIUM AND PHYSICAL INSTITUTE,

Broad Below WALNUT, Philadelphia.

Swimming-School for Children, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

The Swimming Department of the above Institution is now in full operation. Dr. Janes' System of instruction is easy, pleasant, and very successful. Ladies or gentlemen contemplating to visit the sea-shore not having learned to swim yet are invited to a visit. From 8 to 10 lessons will enable them to become good swimmers by continued practice. The temperature of the water is always that of mid-summer. For particulars see circular. May 27-30

NEW ENGRAVINGS

AND

OIL PAINTINGS.

JAMES S. EARL & SONS
Are just in receipt of

NEW OIL PAINTINGS,

OF Dusseldorf Artists,

VON FRANKEN,
LITZSCHAUER,
VON STARKENBORGH,

And others. Also, late Pictures by

M. E. LEWIS.

NEW ENGRAVINGS by steamer "Persia," with a fine selection of standard and well known subjects, at much reduced prices, as follows:

Taming the Stare
Parable of the Lost Piece of Money
The Gamekeeper's Daughter
Mamma's Birthday
The Maid in the Moon
The Sweep
Playing Doctor
L'Alma (Photograph)
Antwerp Cathedral
Charles' Cathedral
Prado (Photograph)
Metropolis (Photograph)

The Last Supper
Dawn and Sunset
Worship in the Backwoods
Golden Summer
Budding Spring
Before Petersberg

Landscape
Millais.
Ansell.
Sant.
W. M. Hunt.
Landseer.
P. Hardy.
F. Hardy.
Gerome.
Prout.
Prout.
Cole.
Miles.
Landseer.
Feld.
Feld.

GEO. C. Lambdin.

And others. EARLE'S GALLERIES,
May 20-21 No 816 CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia.

Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any real instrument in the country for SWEETNESS OF TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
No. 19 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MUSOLOEON. PIANOS from the best manufacturers in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC.

Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any real instrument in the country for SWEETNESS OF TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
No. 19 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

Correct Miniature, &c., specially adapted to the Army. Sent free, by mail, to any part of the country, for only \$7.

A neat SILVER WATCH, same as above, with the Miniature Calendar, &c., specially adapted to the Army. Sent free, by mail, to any part of the country, for only \$7.

2-12 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.

May 27-30

P. S. PETERSON & Co.,
(Late Withers & Peterson.)

20 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE

BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

2-12 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

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P. S. PETERSON &

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Notary's Bible.

Some years ago there was a notary public in Washington, an old and highly-respected gentleman, who had held his office through all the political twistings and turnings of our capital for nearly twenty years. A young friend was in his office one day, and while sitting by the table, picked up a small, old, leather-covered book, which, upon being opened, proved to be "Thaddeus of Warsaw." He casually remarked to Mr. Smith, the notary—

"I see you have a copy of Thaddeus of Warsaw here."

"Thaddeus of Warsaw!" was the reply. "What do you mean?"

"Why, this is a copy of it."

"Thaddeus of Warsaw!" exclaimed the old gentleman. He snatched the book, gave one glance at it, and then cried out, "For twenty years I have been swearing people on that book, thinking it was a Bible! All those oaths ain't worth the paper they are written on!"

That very day he patronised the Bible Society Agency, and got a finely-bound copy, which could by no possibility be mistaken for a novel.

National Wit.

Italian wit is highly dramatic, spontaneous, genial. Among its proverbs are—"The dog earns his living by wagging his tail." "Make yourselves all honey, and the flies will devour it." "The smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of the purse." "He who takes an eel by the tail, or a woman by the tongue, is sure to come of empty-handed."

The characteristic of Spanish wit is excessive staleness. Of their proverbs, "He who has nothing to do, let him buy a ship or marry a wife." "From many children and little bread, good Lord deliver us." "A fool is never a great fool unless he knows Latin."

French wit is characterized by finesse, brilliancy, dexterity, point, brevity. In respects the French are unrivaled. Their conversation is not only an art, but a fine art. In punning they are unequalled. In no literature are there so many proverbs which speak disparagingly of the fair sex. "Man is fire, woman is tow—the devil comes and blows." "A woman conceals only what she doesn't know." "To get chickens one must coax the hen." "Scratches people where they itch."—Prof. Angell.

A Military Joke.

A certain intimate acquaintance was once in the army, and one day while his regiment was out for target practice, the commanding officer called to him, and said—

"Captain, I wish you to deploy your company across the vacant lot opposite the camp and drive the cattle off, as I wish to fire at a target over there."

Our friend saluted performed the duty required, and returning, said—

"Colonel, I have done as you ordered, but I don't think you used me just right in selecting myself and company for the duty."

Feeling assured that something was coming, the colonel, who knew what sort of chap the captain was, got all ready to laugh, and asked: "Why not?"

"Because, sir, you showed us up before the whole regiment as cowards."

The colonel turned his back.

EXAMINED AND APPROVED.—All who have been in the army are aware that at one time it was necessary to submit their letters to the Provost-Marshal for examination and approval before they could be mailed. This was the case when the troops were stationed near Winchester. Sam—then Acting Commissary—by virtue of his office and the good friendship of the Marshal, used to get his letters of affection passed through without the required endorsement. But one day he was busy, and sent a batch off, including one to Miss ——, who is soon to be Mrs. Sam ——, by a servant. All right so far, but imagine the feelings of the lady when the loving missive came to hand duly endorsed, "Examined and Approved, ——, Captain and Provost-Marshal." And fancy Sam's "phelbins" when informed of the fact. It is said there was a "circus" for a time in his immediate vicinity, and that his expressions were rather forcible than eloquent.

HEALTH AND STUDY.—If by gaining knowledge we destroy our health, we labor for a thing that will be useless in our hands; and if, by harassing our bodies, though with a design to render ourselves more useful, we deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities of doing that good which we might have done with a meager talent, which God thought sufficient for us, by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch which men of stronger constitution can attain to, we rob God of so much service, and our neighbors of all that help which in a state of health, with moderate knowledge we might be able to perform. He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold and silver and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage.

GENERAL GRANT.—The latest personal anecdote of General Grant is told of a recent journey of his in a railroad train, where he displayed, as usual, none of the insignia of his rank. A youthful book-peddler traversed the cars, crying, "Life of General Grant." A mischievous aid pointed to the General's seat, suggesting to the boy that "that man might like a copy." Gen. Grant turned over the pages of the book, and casually asked:

"Who is it this is all about?"

The boy, giving him a look of indignation and disgust, replied:

"You must be a darned greeny, not to know Gen. Grant!"

After this volley, the Lieutenant General of course surrendered, and bought his biography.

Laudeddy (defeatinely).—"Mr. Smith, do you not suppose that the first steamboat created much surprise among the fish when it was first launched?"

Smith (curly).—"I can't say, madam, whether it did or not."

Laudeddy—"Oh! I thought from the way you eyed the fish before you, that you might require some information on that point."

Smith (the malicious villain).—"Very likely, more, very likely; but it's my opinion, madam, that this fish left its native element before steamboats were invented."



CLERICAL WIT.

SLIM PARSON (who has fallen in with an old College Chum).—"Always thought you had High Church proclivities."

STOUT PARSON.—"Oh, no! I was always rather Broad than otherwise."

AGRICULTURAL.

Clearing Out Corners.

EDITOR SATURDAY EVENING POST:

DEAR SIR:—These two past hours have I been working like a beaver, clearing out a corner. And now, if you will allow me to have my way for a few minutes, while I am sitting here resting from my labors—if you will allow me to dispense, through the medium of THE POST, a few of the ideas I am just now seized of, in regard to clearing out corners, I shall feel infinitely obliged.

Possibly I may miss a figure, or make a trifling blunder of some sort, but I pray the public not to charge them to my intention to mislead.

I have cleared out my corner, and my success has so elated me, that, under excitement, it is just possible that I may overstep, by a few inches, the line of sober discretion.

Just you take a day's ride, Mr. Editor, if you shall ever find a day's leisure—which I don't suppose you will—around the outlying territory surrounding your city. Just topographise the large farms, small farms, market gardens, private gardens, and all cultivated patches, and make a tally of all the corners, great and small, dung utterly to waste, and worse than waste, and the chances are in favor of your being immensely astonished. You had not believed that we cultivators of the soil were so slovenly wasteful. I tell you that, as a class, we are the most consummate slovens alive. There is no particular section exempt from the self-accusation. Diggers in the dirt are slovens everywhere.

Nest enough in his person, a farmer may be; very particular about his house, barn, out-buildings, indoor arrangements; his carriages, clothes, victuals and all that. But you take a quiet look over, through, and about his farm, and if you don't find the sloven crop out somewhere in waste, unsightly corners, then he is not a farmer, or you have not investigated very closely.

Now here is this newly cleared out corner of mine which has been lying waste these dozen years, I have reclaimed from worse than nothing, at an outlay of three and a half day's labor, shall net me \$100 at the very lowest, this present season. There are legions of farmers and gardeners in every direction, who have unsightly, waste corners, that they might easily clear out to just as good an account.

The most pleasant feature about this recent clearing out of mine, is, that all the labor expended in its "reconstruction," has been by odd spells that but for such employment, would have been frittered away in idleness.

What makes almost all of these corners worse than so much waste, is the fact that they become the prolific hot-beds of noxious weeds, producing pestiferous seeds sufficient for ourselves and several of our neighbors.

It is thought that the reformed drunkard always makes the best temperance lecturer. By the same rule, why shouldn't a reformed sloven become the most efficient preacher of the doctrine of clearing out of corners. I am by no means certain that the qualification is in me, but by your leave, Mr. Editor, I shall hereafter I don't mean in the next world—make attempts at individualizing corners that may be cleared out most advantageously.

There are as many indoor as outdoor corners that greatly require "cleaning out;" but my wife says:

"Pray, sir, let me take them in hand."

"So between us, Mr. Editor, if we do not give you periodical spells of "cleaning out," it will be because we shall not be permitted."

Doverstrator, May, 1865. VERNET.

Killing Canada Thistles.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Periodically, as often I think as semi-monthly, taking together agricultural journals and miscellaneous newspapers, we have a profuse breaking out of positive means for the extirpation of that rural pest—the Canada thistle. It would seem that if each one who sits down and writes directions how to destroy the plague, had killed every man his thistle, the race would long since have become extinct. But as it is not, and on the contrary, the thistle of Canada continues to push its fortunes further abroad, every year acquiring new territory, it is safe to conclude that just a few of these remedies fail in effect.

I have no doubt but that a Canada thistle may be killed as easily as a cat; but they possess one or two of the feline characteristics. They are not always dead when we flatter ourselves we

have despatched them. Like pussy, they sometimes come to life again.

The Aborigines of Lower, or what was Lower Canada, have an admirable method of dealing with their thistles; i. e., it is admirable in their economy—a very great improvement, I think, on twenty-nine thirtieths of all published remedies.

Somehow a Aborigine always manages very cleverly to fight his thistles all into one field, keep them there *sic et armis*, and quietly wait their disappearance by suicide. He does not have so long a time to wait either—only four years.

In all the lower champaign country of Canada the ancient economy of land division is still maintained intact. Farms forty rods wide, and a mile and a half long, with concession roads crossing each other at right angles at the distance apart of the length of the farms, so that every farmer has a highway front at either end of his domain.

The farms are always fenced across from side to side, generally into square fields, and from one of these divisions to another, from end to end of his farm, the Aborigine chases his enemy—the thistle. His enemy—I should have said his friend. The French Canadian would not lose his first best fertilizer for any consideration.

Having pursued their thistles into a field by themselves, that field is given up to them entirely, and four years they rule and reign there supreme. On the fourth year the thistles commit suicide. They squeeze, crowd and choke themselves to death. On the fifth spring not a thistle starts in that field. The Aborigines declare that in the fourth legitimate succession the Canada thistle bears no seeds. How much truth, or whether there are any, in this declaration, is more than I know. But I do know that the stock dies out in the fourth year.

Then comes the Aborigine's turn. The soil has become highly fertilized by the debris of four consecutive crops of thistles, and produces famous oats, barley and clover.

Thus the Canadian Aborigine rotates Thistles—barley, oats, peas, clover, thistles—coming round to thistles every fifth year.

Probably the mowing off of Canada thistles when they are in bloom is the simplest, easiest, cheapest and most effectual mode of exterminating them.

Cosmo.

Robus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. The dearest friend I have on earth,
2. A country of the sea;
3. An English author of true worth,
4. What you make some day be,
5. The greatest book which we possess,
6. A poem of renown;
7. An article of ladies' dress,
8. A noted Russian town,
9. The author's proper Christian name,
10. A British seaman of great fame.

Place the initials properly,
And you will surely find
The scene of a great victory,
Won by a master mind.

Tulaloma, Tex. GAHMEW.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a word of three syllables.
My first is an animal known to all,
Sometimes large, and sometimes small,
My second is an article, as you may see.

My third is a part of a fallen tree.

My whole is much used by principals of college to circulate the fruits of their knowledge.

Oxford, Ohio. ALICE C. ORR.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in friend, and also in foe.

My 2d is not in cast, but in throw.

My 3d is in silver, but not in coin.

My 4th is in unite, but not in join.

My 5th is in band, and also in head.

My 6th is in loaf, but not in bread.

My 7th is not in order, but in command.

My whole is dearly prized in every land.

Union Hill, Iowa. W. A. PERKINS.

Trigonometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a certain piece of land containing in area 34 acres and 64 perches. It lies in the shape of a triangle, the longest side of which is 200 perches in length. To ascertain the lengths of the other two sides, I applied a foot-rule, and from one of the corners I measured along this longest side 6 feet, and put a pin there. Then, from the same corner I measured along the other adjoining side 10 feet, and put a pin there. I then measured across from pin to pin, and found this distance 8 feet. Required, from this, to find the lengths of the other two sides respectively.

DELTA.

An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bought 100 bbls. of flour, at \$5 per bbl, and immediately sold it on a credit of 6 months. The note which I received for pay I got discounted at the National Bank at Davenport, and on examining my money, I found that I had gained 20 per cent on my purchase. What did I receive per bbl. for the flour?

MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required the area of the greatest ellipse that can be inscribed in the quadrant of an ellipse whose semi-axes are 20 and 25 feet.

WALTER SIVERLY.

Oil City, Venango Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

- 1. Who was the first girl? Ans.—Genesia.
- 2. Why is a chemist like a wit? Ans.—Because he is furnished with good retorts.
- 3. When is a wall like a fish? Ans.—When it is scaled.

4. Why is man with a bad cold like a chest? Ans.—Because he is a cougher (cough).

5. Why are indolent persons' beds too short for them? Ans.—Because they are too long in them.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—State of Matrimony. CHARADE—Work-box.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, published March 18th:—54, 72, and 90.—Morgan Stevens. This question admits of an indefinite number of answers.

Answer to David Anderson's, same date:—1, 1, 9, 16, 36.—J. M. Greenwood. 4, 36, 64, 144, 225, and 255; or 9, 49, 81, 169, 196, and 225; or 1, 4, 9, 9, 16, 25. D. Anderson's answer is 5158688776, 2